

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
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SELECTIONS FROM Muppet TREASURE ISLAND™

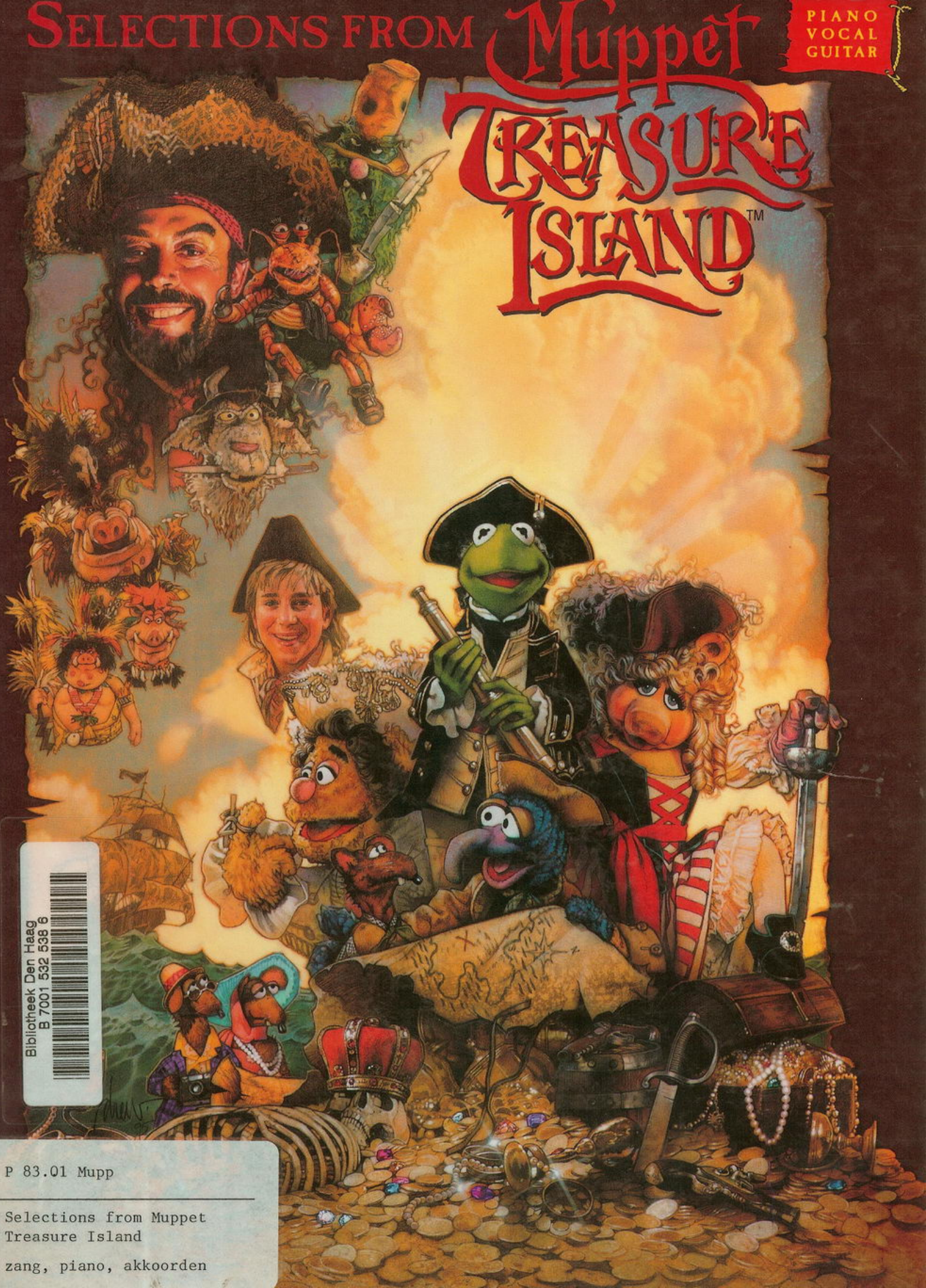
PIANO
VOCAL
GUITAR



P 83.01 Mupp

Selections from Muppet
Treasure Island

zang, piano, akkoorden



SHIVER MY TIMBERS

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL

Music by BARRY MANN

Moderately

Fm



p cresc. poco a poco

E $\flat$ 3 fr Fm E $\flat$ 3 fr

Fm E $\flat$ 3 fr Fm E $\flat$ 3 fr

Men's Chorus:

Shiv - er my tim - bers, shiv - er my soul. Yo - oh, heave

mf

Fm

Eb

Fm

ho!

There are men whose hearts are as black as coal.

Yo

oh, heave ho!

2 Inkspots: And they sailed their ship 'cross the

o - cean blue,

a blood - thirst - y cap - tain and a cut - throat

Alligator: crew. It's as

dark a tale

as was

ev - er

told of the

lust for treas - ure

and the

C C# F#m

love of gold! *Men's Chorus:* Shiv-er my tim - bers,

E F#m E F#m

shiv - er my sides. Yo - oh, heave ho! There are

E F#m E

hun - gers as strong as the wind and tides. Yo - oh, heave

F#m B5 D5 5fr

ho! *2 Weasels:* And those buc - ca - neers drowned their sins in rum; *Monkey:* the

E

B5

dev - il him - self would have to call them *2 Crabs:* scum! Ev - 'ry man a - board would have

killed his mate for a bag of guin-eas or a piece of eight! *Alligator: A*

piece of eight! *Octopus: A* piece of eight! *Mosquitos: Five, six, sev-en, eight!*

F#m

E

F#m

*Men's Chorus &
Tiki Poles:*

Hul - la wack - a, ul - la wack - a, some - thing not right! Man - y

E F#m



wick - ed ick - y things gon - na hap - pen to - night!

E F#m



Hul - la wack - a, ul - la wack - a, sail - or man be - ware! *2 Crabs:* When the

C#



mon - ey's in the ground, there's mur - der in the air!

N.C.

Tiki Poles: Mur - der in the air! *1 Tiki:* One more time now!

3

Gm F Gm F

Men's Chorus:
Shiv - er my tim - bers, shiv - er my bones. Yo - oh, heave

Gm F Gm

ho! There are se - crets that sit with old Dav - y Jones!

F Gm C5

Yo - oh, heave ho! 2 Snakes: When the main sail's set and the

Eb5 F C5

an - chor's weighed, there's no turn - ing back from an - y course that's laid! And when

Skulls:

greed and vil - lain - y sail the sea, you can bet your boots there'll be

E $\flat$ 5 **F**

treach - er - y! Treach - er - y! _____

D **Gm** 3fr

mp

F **Gm** 3fr **F** **Gm** 3fr

Men's Chorus:
Shiv-er my tim - bers, shiv-er my sails. Dead men tell no tales!

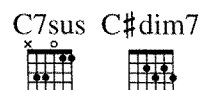
F **Gm** 3fr **F** **Gm** 3fr

mf *ff*

SOMETHING BETTER

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL
Music by BARRY MANN

Moderately



Jim: I wake up each day and won-der "what for?"
look a-round here and I want to cry.

It seems to me there must be some - thing
I feel like the world is pass-ing me

Dm(add9)

Dm/C

Bb

F/A

C/Bb

F/C

more,
by.

some-thing more than stacks of dish - es
And I just can't help but won-der:

and wash-ing this old floor.
Am I doomed to wash and dry?

Eb/Db

Ab/C

Bbm

Ab/C

Bbm/Db

Bb 7/D

Eb 7sus

Eb 7

If I had my pick of wish - es I'd wish me out that door.
And is it a curse I'm un - der to do it 'til I die?

'Cause I'm
When I

rit.

Eb7sus

Ab/Eb

hun - gry for ad - ven - ture, and I'm fed up with this grind. If I
could be an ex - plor - er, sail - ing off to dis - tant lands, 'stead of

a tempo

Eb7sus

Ab/Eb

don't have some ex - cite - ment soon, I'm gon - na lose my mind. I
spend - ing ev - 'ry af - ter - noon just get - ting dish - pan hands. My

Gm7b5

C7sus

C7

Fm

Eb

Dm7b5

Ab/Eb

Eb7sus Eb7

want a life that's filled with thrills, that's wild and free. } There's got - ta be some - thing bet - ter,
fu - ture looks like no - where that I want to be. }

Ab/C

Db

Ab/Eb

Eb7sus

Eb7

Ab

C7sus

C7

some - thing bet - ter! There's got - ta be some - thing bet - ter than this for me! I

poco rit.

2 $A\flat/E\flat$ $E\flat 7_{\text{sus}}$ $E\flat 7$ $A\flat$ 4 fr

got - ta be some - thing bet - ter than this for me!

rit. *a tempo*

$D\flat/A\flat$ 4 fr $A\flat$ 4 fr $D\flat/A\flat$ 4 fr $E\flat/A\flat$ 3 fr

Gonzo: If it's weird and wild, let's go and find it! Ha ha ha ha. The

$A\flat$ 4 fr $D\flat/A\flat$ 4 fr $E\flat_{\text{sus}}/A\flat$ $A\flat$ 4 fr $F\sharp/A\sharp$

craz - i - er the bet - ter is what I say! To

B E/B B E/B $F\sharp/B$

tell the truth, I real - ly would - n't mind it if we

B E/B F#/B Eb7sus/Bb Eb7sus Db(add9) Ab/C

found some place with ten square meals a day! *Jim and Gonzo: Let dan-ger call my name! Rizzo: If it*

Bbm7 Eb7sus Ab Db(add9) Ab/C

does I'm gon - na hide! *Jim: I'll put my cour - age to the test and* *Gonzo:*

rit.

Maestoso

Bbm7 Ab/C Bbm7/Db Bb7/D Eb7 Ab Eb7sus

I'll be by your side. *Jim: There's got-ta be some-thing bet - ter than*
Rizzo: He'll be by your side!

Ab(add9)/C Eb7sus Eb7 Ab Eb7 C7/E Fm Fm/Eb

this. I know that there's so much out there to see! And I

Eb/D $\flat$ 

Ab/C

Gm7 $\flat$ 5

C7



Fm

Dm7 $\flat$ 5

know this life I'm liv - ing can't be my des - ti - ny. _____ There's

Ab/E $\flat$ 

Eb7sus



Eb7



Ab/C

D $\flat$ 

got - ta be some - thing bet - ter, some - thing bet - ter! There's

Ab/E $\flat$ 

Eb7



Fm

B $\flat$ 

Eb/G

A $\flat$ 

got-ta be some-thing bet-ter than this for me! There's

*molto rit.**a tempo*D $\flat$ D $\flat$ /E $\flat$ 

Eb

A $\flat$ C $\flat$ D $\flat$ /E $\flat$ 

Eb

D $\flat$ /E $\flat$ 

Eb

A $\flat$ 

some-thing bet-ter than this for you and me! _____

*rit.**a tempo**rit.**ff*

SAILING FOR ADVENTURE

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL
Music by BARRY MANN

Briskly



mf



When the course is laid and the an - chor's weighed, a
walks the deck, we say what the heck! We
dis - tant lands with burn - ing sands that



sail - or's blood be - gins rac - ing. With our hearts un - bound and our flag un - furled, we're
laugh at the per - ils we're fac - ing. Ev - 'ry storm we ride is its own re - ward, and
call a - cross the o - ceans. There are bin - go games ev - 'ry fun - filled day! And

N.C.

un - der way and off to see the world! Un - der way and off to
peo - ple die by fall - ing o - ver - board! Peo - ple die by fall - ing
mar - gue - ri - tas at the mid - night buf - fet! Mar - gue - ri - tas at the

see the world! Hey, ho! We'll go an - y - where the
 o - ver - board! Hey, ho! We'll go an - y - where the
 mid - night buf - fet! Hey, ho! We'll go an - y - where the

wind is blow - ing! Man - ly men are we, _____
 wind is blow - ing! Hoist the sails and sing, _____
 wind is blow - ing! Should have took a train, _____

sail - ing for ad - ven - ture on the deep blue sea!

To Coda ⊕

R.H. over L.H.

Dan - ger big blue wet thing! -

Freely
B♭m/F

F

rall.

I love to see 'em cry when they walk the plank! I pre -

B♭m/F

Edim/F F

G♭

fer to cut a throat! I love to hang 'em high and watch their lit-tle feet try to walk in the air

Tempo I

D♭/F

Cm7

F

G

D.S. al Coda

while their fac-es turn blue! It's a good life on a boat! There are

CODA

F

E♭/G

F/A

B♭

bound - ing main! The salt - y breez - es whis - per: Who

Eb/Bb 6fr F/C Gm 3fr Eb 3fr F D7/F# Gm 3fr

knows what lies a - head? I just know I was born to lead the

F7/A 3fr Bb Gb Ab 4fr Db

life my fa - ther led. The stars will be our com - pass wher -

Gb F+ Bbm Db/Ab 4fr

ev - er we may roam, and our mates will al - ways be just

Gm7b5 5fr Gb Db/F

like a fam - i - ly. And though we may put in - to port, the



sea is al - ways home!

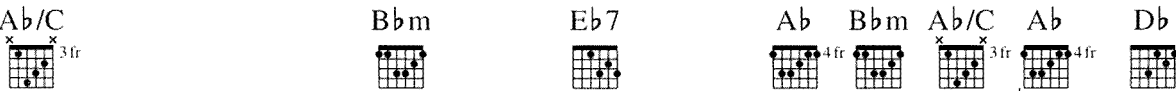
rit. *a tempo*



We'll chase our dreams stand-ing on our own,

N.C. 

o - ver the hor - i - zon to the great un - known! Hey, ho!



We'll go an - y-where the wind is blow - ing! Bold and

Ab/C

Eb

brave and free... Sail - ing for ad - ven - ture,

Eb

Eb

N.C.

N.C.

sail-ing for ad-ven-ture, sail-ing for ad-ven-ture

Eb

Eb/G

Ab

Ab/C

N.C.

on the deep blue sea!

Db

Db/F

N.C.

Ab

mp *ff*

CABIN FEVER

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL
Music by BARRY MANN

Rhumba

Bb 7



mf

The first system of musical notation for 'Cabin Fever' in Rhumba style. It features a piano introduction in Bb major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note Bb, followed by eighth notes Gb, F, E, D, C, Bb, and a half note A. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: Bb, A, Gb, F, E, D, C, Bb. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed below the first measure.

Eb



Bb 7



I got cab - in fe - ver, it's burn-ing in my brain. I got cab - in fe - ver, it's

Eb



Bb 7



driv-ing me in-sane! We got cab - in fe - ver, we're flip-ping our ban-dan - as! Been

Eb



stuck at sea so long that we have sim - ply gone ba - nan - as!

Bb7

Eb

3 fr

Chi-ca, chi-ca boom, boom chi - ca, chi-ca boom, boom chic.

Bb7

Eb

3 fr

Chi-ca, chi-ca boom, boom chi - ca, chi-ca boom, boom chic. We, we,

E

B7

we got cab-in fe-ver, we've lost what sense we had! We got cab-in fe-ver,

Stately

E

A/C#

E/G#

we're all go-ing mad! My san-i-ty is hang-ing by a thread.

Since we're go - ing no-where, I've gone out of my head. We were sail - ing, sail - ing

as a March

Chords: D/F#, Cdim7, E/B, E/D, A

o-ver the bound-ing main, and now we're not!

Chords: E/G#, F#m, B7, E, N.C., C7

Bright Country

Grab your part-ner by the ears, lash 'em to the wheel. Do si do, step on his toe,

Chords: F, C7

lis - ten to him squeal. Al - le-mande left, al - le-mande right. It's

Chords: F

F7 Bb F

time to sail or sink. Swing your part - ner o - ver the side;

Bright Samba

C7 F Db7 Gb Gdim7

drop him in the drink. (Spoken:) We've got cabin fever, no if's and's or but's.

German March

Abm Db7 Gb Cb

We're disoriented and demented and a little nuts! (Sung:) Ach du lieb - er

Gb Db7

volks - va - gen kar. Sa - ur - brat - en, vien - er schnit - zel

Bright Samba

G $\flat$ C $\flat$ G $\flat$ 

und a vun-der-bar! We were sail - ing, sail - ing; the wind was on our side...

N.C.



(Spoken:) and then it died! I got cab - in fe - ver, I

mysteriously



think I've lost my grip. I'd like to get my hands on who - ev - er wrote this script! Si!

(falsetto)



I was float - ing 'neath a trop - ic

moon and dream-ing of a blue la -

G6

goon. Now I'm as cra - zy as a

March

D F# / D A♭ / C 3fr D♭ A♭ / C 3fr A♭ 4fr

loon! Cab - in fe - ver has rav - aged all a-board. This

E♭7 A♭ 4fr

once proud ves - sel has be - come a float - ing psy - cho ward! We were






sail - ing, sail - ing, head - ed who knows where. And now, tho' we're all




here, we're not all there!

Big Band Swing (♩ = ♪♩)



N.C. N.C.

Cab - in fe - ver! Ha!

A PROFESSIONAL PIRATE

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL
Music by BARRY MANN

Lustily



mf

(♩ = ♩.)



When I was just a lad, look-ing for my true vo -
take Sir Fran-ces Drake, the Span - ish all de -
say that pi - rates steal and should be feared and



ca - tion, my fa - ther said, "Now son, this choice de - serves de - lib - er -
spise him! But to the Brit - ish he's a he - ro, and they i - dol -
hat - ed. I say we're vic - tims of bad press; it's all ex - ag - ger -



a - tion. Though you could be a doc - tor or per - haps a fi - nan -
ize him! It's how you look at buc - ca - neers that makes them bad or
at - ed! We'd nev - er stab you in the back; we'd nev - er lie or

A bit faster

G C G/B D

cier, good, cheat, my boy, why not con - sid - er a more chal - leng - ing ca -
 and I see us as mem - bers of a no - ble broth - er -
 We're just a - bout the nic - est guys you'd ev - er want to

To Coda ⊕

G B Em Bm7 Em D/F# G

reer?" hood! meet! Hey, ho, ho! You'll cruise to for - eign shores! And you'll
 Hey, ho, ho! We're hon - or - a - ble men! And be -

D C D G

keep your mind and bod - y sound by work - ing out of doors! True
 fore we lose our tem - pers we will al - ways count to ten! On oc -

Am Bm7 Em D

friend - ship and ad - ven - ture are what we can't live with - out, and
 ca - sion there may be some-one you have to ex - e - cute, but

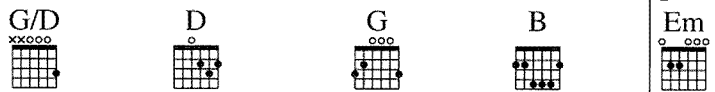
G Am G/B C



when you're a pro - fes - sion - al pi - rate... — that's
when you're a pro - fes - sion - al pi - rate, — you don't



G/D D G B 1 Em



what the job's a - bout!
have to wear a suit!

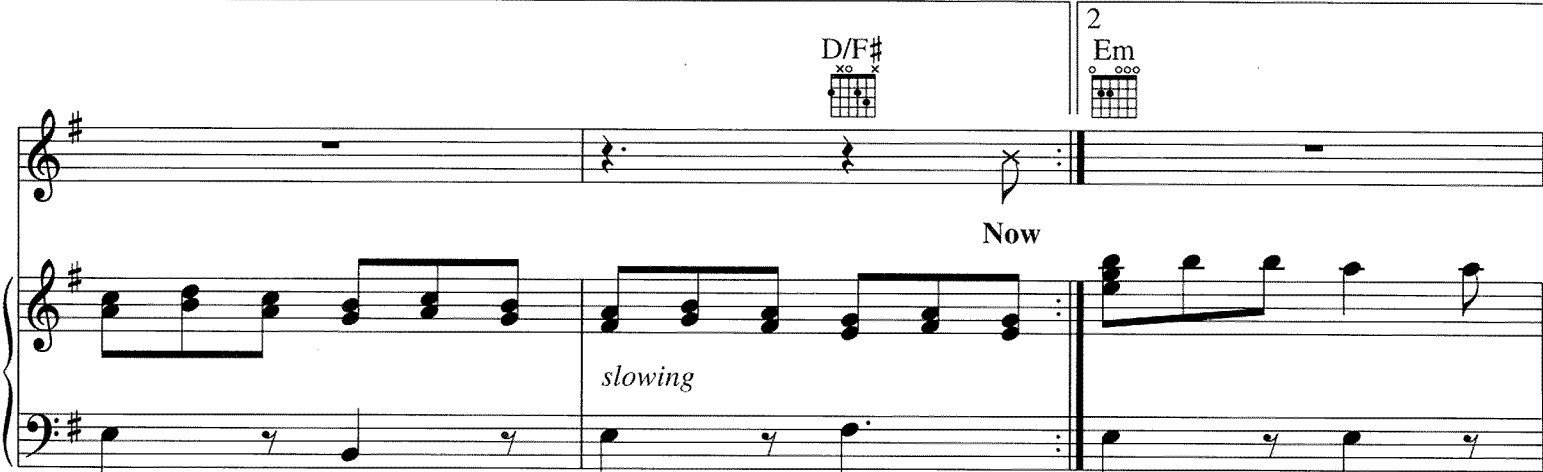


D/F# 2 Em



Now

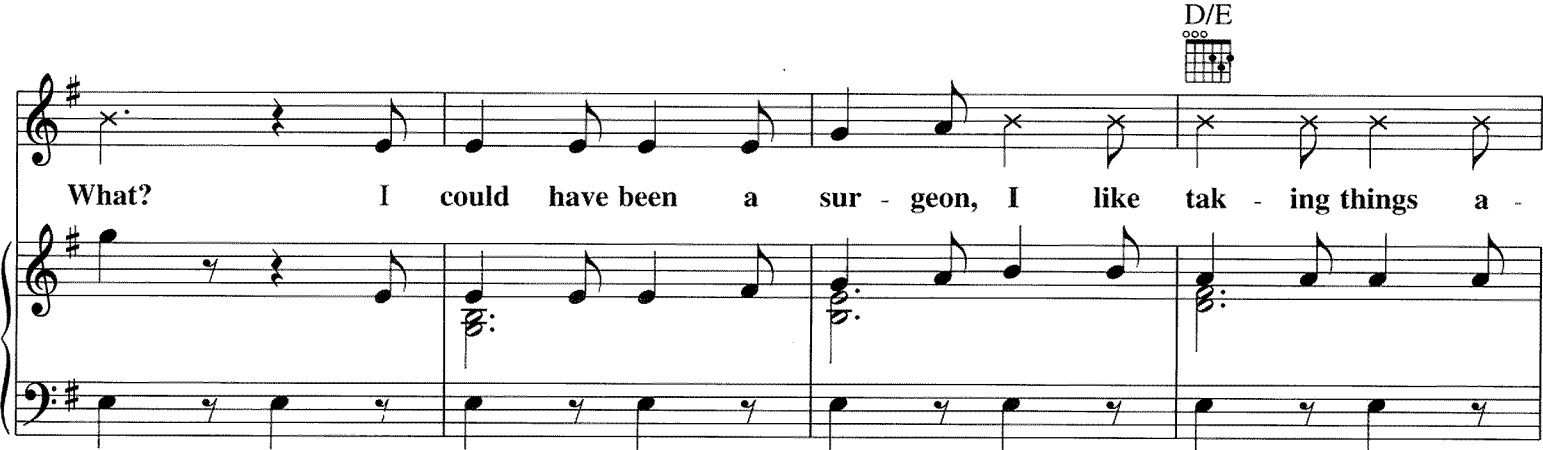
slowing



D/E



What? I could have been a sur - geon, I like tak - ing things a -



C/E Am N.C.

part! I could have been a law - yer, but I just had too much

Slower
(♩. = ♩.)

G D7/A G/B Dm/C C

heart! I could have been in pol - i - tics 'cause I've al - ways been a big spend - er. And

Tempo I
(♩. = ♩.)

G/D D Am G B Em D.S. al Coda D/F#

me... I could have been a con - tend - er! Some

accel.

CODA

Em Bm/D Em D/F#

Hmm, hmm.

G D C D G

Hmm, hmm.

Am Em D

Hmm.

G Am G/B C G/D D

G B Em Bm7 Em D/F#

Hey, ho, ho! It's one for all for

G D C D

one! And we'll share and share a - like with you and love you like a

G Am Bm7 Em

son! We're gen - tle - men of for - tune and that's what we're proud to

D G Am G/B C

be, and when you're a pro - fes - sion - al pi - rate... — you'll be

G/D D

hon - est, brave and free, the soul of de - cen - cy. You'll be

G/B C D

loy - al and fair and on the square, and most im - por - tant - ly,

G Am G/B C G/D

when you're a pro - fes - sion - al pi - rate, — you're al - ways

D G

in the best of com - pa - ny. —

D G

in the best of com - pa - ny. —

LOVE LED US HERE

Lyrics by CYNTHIA WEIL
Music by BARRY MANN

Moderately slow

G(add9)

Am

G/B

With pedal

D/C

C

G/D

D

G(add9)

G(add9)

Am7

G/B

Smallest:

Was I dumb _ or was I blind, _ or did my heart just

C

G/D

A7/C#

lose its mind? _ Why'd I go _ and throw _ our per - fect dream _

Am7 D7sus D7 G(add9)

a - way? — *Benjamina:* Look - ing back, — I'll

Am7 G/B C

nev - er know _ how I ev - er let you go, — but

G/D A7/C# Am7

des - ti - ny _ could see we _ de - served _ to have an - oth - er day. —

D7sus D7 C/E D/F# G D/F#

Both: Love led us here, —



right back

to where

we be - long.

We



fol - lowed

a

star

and

here

we are;

now heav -



en seems so near.

Love led us here.


Smallett: Now I know that life can take you by

— sur-prise and sweep you off — your feet! —

C/E
xx000

G/D
xx000

A7/C#

Benjamina: Did this hap - pen to us, *Both:* or are we just dream

C/D
000

ing? — Love led us here, —

D

Db/F

Eb/G 3fr

Ab 4fr

Eb/G 3fr

right back to where — we be - long. — We

Db/F

Eb/G 3fr

Ab 4fr

C7/E

Fm

Ab/Eb

Db(add9)

Ab/C

fol - lowed a star — and here — we are; — now heav - en seems — so — near. —

Bbm7

Eb7sus

Ab

Love led us here. —

Gb/Ab

Ab

Smallett: So take my hand, —

Benamina: and have no fear. —

Gb/Ab

Ab

Both: We'll be al - right.

Love led us here. —

molto rall.